EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

THE Nation

JANUARY 14, 1956

20c

THE BIG GUNS

1. The Pentagon's Rising Power

by Matthew Josephson

Algeria and the French Election

by Alexander Werth

Right Time: Right Place

The Probe of the Press

JAN 16 1956

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In This Issue:

EDITORIALS

21 • Right Time, Right Place: The Probe of the Press

23 • The Stubborn French Warn the West

ARTICLES

23 • France at the Polls
by ALEXANDER WERTH

25 • Fountain of Light
by CARLETON BEALS

27 • Three Campus Reports "The Hidden Generation"
by D. KOSOBUD DOE

29 • Report from Minneapolis
by ANN ORIEL and JEANNE FORTIER

29 • Report from Berkeley
by AL GOLDENBERG

30 • The Big Guns
by MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

34 • The Most Difficult Man
by JOSEPH W. KRUTCH

35 • Use, Form and Art
by ELIZABETH POKORNY

36 • Hymn to Hearst
by M. R. WERNER

36 • Rousseau in Our Time
by LEON EDEL

37 • Selected New Books
Fiction
by STANLEY COOPERMAN
Art
by S. LANE FAISON, JR.
Sociology
by MILTON L. BARRON

38 • **LETTER FROM ITALY**
by WILLIAM WEAVER

39 • **THEATRE**
by HAROLD CLURMAN

40 • **MUSIC**
by B. H. HAGGIN

opposite
40 • **CROSSWORD PUZZLE No. 654**
by FRANK W. LEWIS

opposite
21 • **LETTERS**

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Letters

Apologies to Mr. Stover

(Note: In an article in our November 26, 1955, issue, Charles F. Ransom stated that "The Iowa Farmers Union, long stymied by a president who denounced United States germ warfare in Korea, was deprived of its national charter in 1954 for lacking the 3500 members necessary to qualify, and will lose the right to the name if the national office has its way in the federal courts." It was pointed out to us that this statement was untrue, and we have received the following communication from Mr. Ransom.)

Dear Sirs: I want to apologize to Mr. Stover and to the readers of The Nation for my mistake in writing that Stover denounced the United States for germ warfare in Korea. Here is how it happened. I know Mr. Stover personally. He and I used to be members of the same small discussion group on foreign affairs. Since then, his views on foreign policy have been the basis of a prolonged public controversy in Iowa. I was trying to give the flavor of that controversy in the fewest possible words, as part of the background for a story about another Iowa farm organization, the new National Farmers Organization. I made a quick check of my memory and a few clippings—and thought I "knew."

Rechecking carefully since the statement was challenged, I find only a resolution by the 1954 state convention of Stover's Iowa Farmers Union condeming war as un-Christian, deploring the "use of atomic and bacteriological weapons" by anybody, and suggesting world disarmament with international inspection and control through the United Nations. Stover, I. F. U. president, had not written the resolution nor been consulted about it by the resolutions committee.

Yet Stover's active participation in the leadership of the Progressive Party, continuing after Henry A. Wallace and others had left it, and Stover's vigorous opposition to United States participation in a cold war and the Korean War led in 1950 to a split in the I. F. U. James Patton and the National Farmers Union favored the anti-Stover faction. In 1951 an Iowa district court ruled the Stover faction was the legal one. The fight went on. In March 1954, the national board voted to revoke the I. F. U.'s charter, technically for not having the required minimum of members. Stover was present as a national board member, and voted "negatively." He claimed the real reason was political, and that not all units with deficient membership were expelled: he contests the validity of the revocation.

Neither The Nation nor I had any intention of reflecting on Mr. Stover.

CHARLES FOSTER RANSOM

Des Moines, Iowa

Strike-Breaking Discouraged

Dear Sirs: In reporting the use of college students as strike breakers in the recent Bell Telephone strike (October 15 issue), I think Mr. Youngdahl should have noted the fact that the officials of Loyola University in New Orleans warned their students against acting as strike breakers, and actively discouraged such activity on the part of the student body.

ED MARCINIAK

Chicago, Ill.

Pro and Con

Dear Sirs: I appreciated the article in the October 29 issue by Kenneth Rexroth on "a magazine without advertising." Mr. Rexroth said he had read every word of all the issues of American Heritage up to date. That's better than I have been able to do. A year's subscription to American Heritage was given to me, and as far as I can see it has been worth just about what it cost me. I agree with Mr. Rexroth: it is not interesting.

ALBERT WALEN

Colby, Kans.

Dear Sirs: My long-standing faith in The Nation suffered a sharp blow when I read Kenneth Rexroth's unfair and unnecessary attack on American Heritage. It is a little early to pass final judgment on a publication which has ventured a new departure in historical literature and has had so far only one year in which to do it. Rexroth's basic thesis, that American Heritage is a bold and clumsy attempt to whitewash the Robber Barons and sell monopolistic capitalism in the form of folksy fables, has not been satisfactorily documented. It is a little discouraging to see The Nation indulge in unjustified attacks on men like Allan Nevins who have spent many years studying, researching, writing, and teaching American history, and thereby increased immeasurably our understanding of the American heritage.

EUGENE C. MURDOCK

Rio Grande, Ohio

Dear Sirs: Mr. Rexroth contends that the South was never better governed than under the days of Reconstruction, that there is no truth in the myths about the "bleeding South," and that this part of the country "never had it so good" as in the days of the "carpetbaggers." One could wish that his version is correct, but it is to be regretted that he did not document his contention by a quotation from one of the reputable historians to whom he refers. It was Sainte Beuve who said, "History is fable agreed upon," but it seems that the story of Reconstruction days is still in dispute.

BENNETT LARSON

Sister Bay, Wis.

Guatemalan Headache

Dear Sirs: Mr. David L. Graham's review of Toriello's book in the October 15 issue is excellent in every respect, as was his previous report on Guatemala. Guatemala is important because it reflects in miniature most of the headaches of Latin American countries; that is, the ill-informed and largely illiterate populations, the badly unbalanced economies with resulting economic dependence on more advanced nations, the political role of the military, and the clumsy government machinery bequeathed by Spain. That little Guatemala's attempt at democracy got so far before it was crushed by the political and economic aggression of a big power is one of the marvels of the century.

On the Guatemalan problem and a host of vital subjects The Nations has filled a real gap in reportage and analysis.

GRAY BEMIS

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THE Nation
EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

Right Time, Right Place: Probe of the Press

THE INQUIRY by the Senate Internal Security subcommittee into "possible Communist infiltration of newspapers" which opened in Washington on January 4 has raised a great public issue just as Congress reconvenes and the Presidential election year of 1956 gets under way. The outcome may well determine whether the domestic cold war which began to abate with the temporary eclipse of Senator McCarthy is to be resumed.

The issue involves, of course, the meaning, purpose and scope of the First Amendment's guarantee of a free press. As the issue arises at these hearings comment turns not on the question of the power of Congress to conduct inquiries affecting the press but on the right of newspapers to function quite free of the oblique regulation which can be imposed by pressure of public inquiry. The hazard to a free press which inquiries such as this present is not that a great journal like the New York *Times* might be intimidated; the real hazard is that publications less powerfully placed might easily be influenced by the mere fact that *this* inquiry had taken place. An oblique encroachment of this type on the guarantee of a free press embodied in the First Amendment is perhaps all the more dangerous because it does not take the form of a direct attack, as by an attempt to subject the press to congressional regulation or control. Much the same issue was raised in 1947 when the motion-picture industry was given the same "treatment" now being applied to the *Times*. In the end the motion-picture industry capitulated, largely because neither its leaders nor the public grasped the real meaning of the inquiry in time to take appropriate action. No such misunderstanding can exist today: this is 1956, not 1947. Today it is clear enough that self-intimidation imposed by taking hostages or staging public inquisitions can undermine the guarantees embodied in the First Amendment almost as effectively as direct infringements. This time there can be no mistaking the threat to the First Amendment implicit in the nature of inquiries ostensibly aimed at investigating "possible Communist infiltration" of a medium of communication.

This time too the issue has been sharply drawn. By insisting that it is the real target of the inquiry, the *Times* has brought the issue into the open. That the *Times* is in fact the real target only Senator Eastland will deny. Right-wing columnists who have long enjoyed reliable pipelines to the committee and its staff have frankly stated that the inquiry is aimed at the *Times*.

Most of the witnesses subpoenaed are now, or once were, employees of the *Times*. One witness was called for no reason more apparent than that he is the brother of Benjamin Fine, education editor of the *Times*. The committee's report on the Matusow case, which refers to Matusow's original charge that there were "120" or "126" card-carrying Communists on the staff of the *Times* was released by Senator Eastland on December 31, on the eve of the current hearings, although it is dated April 6, 1955. Under the circumstances, Senator Eastland protests too much and too often; the *Times* is clearly his major target.

Nor can there be much dispute as to why the *Times* has been singled out for attack. Not only is it a symbol of the free press but it has offended Senators Eastland and Jenner for reasons which it sets forth in a militant editorial denouncing the hearings, namely, that it has "condemned segregation in the Southern schools . . . challenged the high-handed and abusive methods employed by various congressional committees . . . denounced McCarthyism and all its works . . . attacked the narrow and bigoted restrictions of the McCarran Immigration Act . . . criticized a 'security system' which conceals the accuser from his victim . . . insisted that the true spirit of American democracy demands a scrupulous respect for the rights of even the lowliest individual and a high standard of fair play."

OF ALL these high crimes and misdemeanors, the *Times* is guilty as charged. Two unrelated minor factors have also contributed to the *Times*' bad luck in being singled out for attack: as one of the nation's great newspapers, any attack upon it constitutes "news" in the sense that demagogues can always win headlines by spitting in the eye of the high and mighty (although one demagogue learned to his sorrow that provocation of this type can occasionally yield bitter dividends); it also is less widely read, perhaps, in Mississippi—Senator Eastland's homeland—than in any other state, and by this fact invites his spleen as a Northern Damned-Yankee Jewish-owned newspaper that opposes mob violence and favors integrated public schools. But the underlying reason for the Senator's partiality for the *Times* as a target is that it is the country's leading newspaper; to attack it is to demonstrate in unmistakable

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terms that any paper or combination of papers can be hailed before the committee and given the "infiltration" routine. The fact that even Senator Eastland now concedes that no case has been made against the *Times* or, for that matter, against the press as such is beside the point. The House committee failed to prove in 1947 that Communist propaganda had been injected into motion pictures but the industry has remained a captive of its own fears from that day to this. That a proofreader, a clerk and a reporter, out of some 4,000 employees, might cleverly manipulate the *Times* news and editorial policies is even more quaint a notion than that motion-picture writers, drawing large salaries, enjoying the charming social life of Beverly Hills, Brantwood and Bel Air ever risked these sweets by writing Marxist-Leninist-Stalinist scripts.

As a test of whether we are to witness a resumption of the cold war, there can be no doubt that the right issue has been raised at the right time, by an institution with the resources to defend the great principle at stake.

After much painful hesitation and several inept moves the *Times* has, somewhat belatedly to be sure, met the initial test; its institutional reflexes may be slow but they are not decrepit. But how good are the reflexes of the nation's other newspapers? Will the press, with one voice, denounce this investigation before it spreads any further? For months now publishers have been conducting a campaign to secure recognition at all levels of government of their "right to information." This campaign becomes rather pointless if newspapers are to be subjected to the type of harassment exhibited in the current investigation. The right to information is no broader than the right to publish, free of prior restraint or subsequent punishment. Newspapers that support the "freedom of information" campaign—and most newspapers do—cannot afford to waste any time in denouncing Eastland's inquiry. But will our one-party press, which so eloquently proclaims its freedom, now defend that freedom? At this writing, it seems clear that only a handful of newspapers—admittedly the country's best—have unequivocally supported the *Times* position; the others have remained silent or have dissented. And the prompt action of the New York *Daily News* in discharging William A. Price, who did *not* invoke the Fifth Amendment, is a significant and discouraging reaction.

THE OUTCOME of the inquiry depends also on the behavior of the responsible leaders of both major parties in Congress, more specifically the Democrats. Senator Eastland is a Democrat; so is Representative Francis Walter, who heads the House Committee on Un-American Activities. After the November, 1954, congressional election, Mr. Walter announced that he favored abolition of the House committee and the establishment of a joint Senate-House unit. Had this recommendation been followed the present inquiry might never have been launched. It is no secret that the Democratic leadership in Congress quietly scotched the proposal. Mr. Rayburn not only favored retention of the present committee setup; he induced his close personal friend, Mr. Walter, to head the House committee. In other words the decision to retain the committees and by inference the staffs of both—including in this instance a staff hand-picked and personally trained by the late Senator Pat McCarran—was a top-level Democratic Party decision. It is therefore quite unfair to apply the tag "McCarthyism" to the present inquiry; Messrs. Rayburn and Johnson are more responsible for it than Senator McCarthy and his G. O. P. friends.

The immediate question is: how will the Democratic leadership react to the great issue which has been raised in such a bold and timely fashion? Messrs. Rayburn and Johnson could bring Eastland to book easily enough if they were determined to act. If other means failed, requests for appropriations might be studied with special care. At this session Senator Eastland and Representative Walter will be requesting additional funds for their committees; and it should not be forgotten that Senator Hennings, another Democrat, will be requesting funds for his committee on the Bill of Rights. What then will be the position of the Democratic Party on civil liberties? Will it sanction two quite contradictory positions—the Eastland-Walter and the Hennings positions?

MOREOVER, the Democrats might give some attention to Senator Lehman's proposal for civil-rights legislation and, more specifically, to his proposal that a federal electoral commission be appointed to investigate complaints of citizens who have been denied the right to vote. If these issues were vigorously pressed, Senator Eastland might have little time for witch-hunting. In much the same fashion, the responsible leaders of the Republican Party could discipline Senator Jenner if they had the will and the courage to act. But how responsible is the leadership? The test is more acute for the Democrats than for the Republicans, since the major responsibility is theirs. Nor is this responsibility limited to the congressional leadership. Will Mr. Stevenson, as the party's titular head, remind its congressional chieftains of his and their commitment to civil liberties and civil rights?

This is not only a time for greatness; it is an opportunity and a test as well. No finer issue was ever presented to aspiring Presidential candidates in both parties than this chance to defend, with the aid of an influential section of the press, the First Amendment—and at the same time to assert that Negro citizens in Mississippi have the same rights as other citizens, Senator Eastland's attempt to resurrect Calhoun's doctrine of nullification to the contrary notwithstanding. In this "time for greatness" have responsible political leaders of both parties the courage and vision to act greatly? Have we, the rest of us, the wit and will to demand that they meet the test of greatness?

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The Stubborn French Warn the West

The international implications of the French elections bode no good for the Western coalition. The gain registered in the Assembly by the Communists signifies increased pressure to get France out of the alliance altogether. The victory for the Poujadists is a victory for a party that doesn't even want to pay taxes for schools and roads, much less armaments. The gains won by the Socialists and, to some extent, by the Radicals are another reflection of the French electorate's will to a negotiated peace, particularly in North Africa. And within the Left and Left-Center groupings are sizeable elements which never favored German rearmament and which, in general, look sympathetically upon the concept of neutralism.

It would be foolhardy for Western policy-makers outside of France to dismiss these results as simply another display of "Gallic temperament" and "instability." As Mr. Werth shows elsewhere in this issue, the French electorate is far from unstable; its five or six major political divisions have shown remarkable cohesion through the years. Logically, the vote calls for a reappraisal of Western policies if France is to be saved for the "free world." One thing is certain: Washington can no longer count on a Paris regime which, in the long run, can be depended upon to do its bidding.

The French are notoriously stubborn. Ultimately it may prove easier to change Western policy than the minds of the French electorate.

FRANCE AT THE POLLS

The Main Issue: Algeria . . *by Alexander Werth*

Paris

THE OUTCOME of the French vote reflects the stability of the French electorate quite as clearly as it reaffirms the instability of Parliament. Other than the Poujadists, inheritors of the lunatic-fringe of the Gaullist vote, only the Rally of the Republican Left showed a shift of more than 2 per cent in popular support since the last general election of 1951. The Communists' extraordinary gain of fifty-two seats reveals more about the electoral laws here than about the electorate; in terms of percentage of popular vote, they actually lost 0.9 per cent. In the same context the Republican Left grouping, which includes both the Mendes-France and the Faure Radicals, climbed 2.7 per cent and the Socialists 0.6 per cent [see table on page 24].

Thus Guy Mollet, leader of the Socialists, and Mendes-France, who claims a majority of the Radicals, are not altogether unreasonable in arguing that the election was a victory for them, even though they command less than a third of the seats in the new Assembly. While the Communists, as in 1951, polled the largest number of votes—5,426,803—of any single party, the Radicals, Socialists and smaller non-Communist Left factions together polled in excess of 6,000,000.

Vicky in New Statesman and Nation

Pierre Mendes-France

It is on this basis that Mollet and Mendes-France, two days after the results were in, announced that their "Republican Front" was entitled to form a new government. Of special significance is their refusal to compromise with Pinay, Bidault and other right-wingers who, they insist, were responsible for the blunders in Indo-China and for the deterioration of the North African situation. Mendes-France is sticking to his basic principle that the government must have a program which others are free to support or to reject, but that it must not allow itself to "trade" for support among the various Parliamentary groups. The same principle has led both Mendes-France and Mollet to reject flatly the suggestion advanced by the British press that a "reconciliation" with the defeated Faure-Pinay-Bidault coalition is the only solution left for France.

While for international reasons the creation of a genuine Popular Front, in which the Communists would be included, is impossible, Mendes-France considers it permissible to rely on Communist support in any attempt to reach an Algerian settlement. After all, the former Premier was supported by both the Socialists and Communists when he undertook to resolve the Tunisian crisis. Intellectual groups comprising of men like Claude Bourdet and Francois Mauriac believe that a left-wing coalition dependent upon Com-

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ALEXANDER WERTH is The Nation's *Paris correspondent.*

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munist support is the only means of stopping an Algerian blow-up, which Mendes-France considers inevitable in March or April unless something is done to head it off. An attempt to govern with "alternating" majorities, as Mendes-France did in 1954, would in the long run prove unsatisfactory, but it might serve long enough to ward off catastrophe in Algeria.

This week the Socialists and Radicals are planning to hold their party conferences at which Mendes-France's plans will be discussed. One thing is certain: as distinct from the last Parliament, no government in France is possible today without the Socialists and the *Mendesists,* and for purposes of an Algerian settlement a half-baked compromise with the Center and Right would be useless. The big question is whether the 150 Communists in the new Assembly will be willing to accept the Mendes-France Algerian program in accordance with their 1954 principle of supporting anything "relatively progressive."

Although nobody except the Communists and the Poujadists can claim a major election victory, the *Mendesists* and Socialists have gained, the Right and Center blocs have lost severely, while the Gaullists have been obliterated through the emergence of the Poujadists. Will the anti-Parliamentary, thug-minded Poujadists keep their promise to their leader to allow themselves to be disciplined into Parliamentary behavior, or will they prove outright obstructionists?

IN RETROSPECT, the stirring weeks of campaigning which preceded the election were characterized by two factors: the seriousness of the electorate and the emergence of Algeria as France's Number One problem. The two are not unrelated. For what is threatening France today is a large-scale war in Algeria more costly, murderous and hopeless even than the eight-year war in Indo-China which ended in French defeat. Millions of French voters, especially those who are themselves of military age or who have husbands or children of military age, went to the polls on January 2 with the feeling that they held their fates in their hands.

There are 8,000,000 Arabs in Algeria and 1,000,000 Frenchmen. The

Pierre Poujade

French live on the fat of the land, the Arabs exist near or below the starvation level. Most of the best agricultural land—and there isn't much of it apart from a 50 to 100-mile coastal strip—is owned by the French, who waste much of it by growing wine which the Arabs don't drink and of which there is a glut in France anyway. But they persist because low labor costs—a third or a fourth those of French labor—enable them to earn huge profits. The country produces less food per capita than it did fifty years ago. There is terrible overpopulation and unemployment. The "lucky" Algerian earns $150 a year on which to feed a large family; or he brings his family to France, where he lives in the worst slum conditions and can find work only half the time. The "unlucky" Algerian, with nothing to lose, joins the guerrilla war against the French.

It was Mendes-France who stressed Algeria as the country's foremost problem and there is no doubt that the "peace-minded" Communists profited indirectly from his electioneering. The former Premier made it clear to his audiences that all other issues were secondary—the "drink" problem, housing, wages, production, national finances. For, he argued, there was no use discussing wages and housing, despite their obvious importance, if financial difficulties created by a major war in Algeria were to wreck any plans, however admirable.

Yet if Mendes-France's analysis of the Algerian problem was acceptable to most of his audiences, his solutions apparently were not. He offered a three-point program: (1) the new Premier must go to Algeria, if necessary, to break down the sabotage of the French settlers, police, military and "vested" interests who are opposing a peaceful settlement; (2) the present bogus Algerian Assembly, composed mostly of French stooges, must be dissolved and there must be a free and genuine election in Algeria within six months; (3) economic measures, such as land reform, must be instituted at once to find work for the 1,000,000 native unemployed. But this program does not provide for the two things that are at the core of the Algerian prob-

How French Parliament Changed in Election

The following table summarizes the results of the 1956 elections as compared with 1951, the last time France held a general election. Only the major political groupings are represented. Both the Faure and Mendes-France groupings are represented in the Republican Left; the relative strength of these competing leaders is still uncertain. In the "Change" column, all figures are plus except where marked minus (-).

	% of Total Vote			Seats		
	1951	1956	Change	Old	New	Change
Communists	26.5	25.6	-0.9	93	150	57
Socialists	14.4	15.0	0.6	94	88	-6
Rep. Left (Radicals and allies)	10.9	13.6	2.7	82	71	-11
Popular Republican	12.2	10.0	-1.6	85	70	-15
Ind. Rep., dissident Gaullists, Peasants	12.3	14.1	1.8	125	94	-31
Gaullists	21.1	4.2	-76.9	57	16	-41
Poujadists		11.4			51	51

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lem: the admission that Algeria is a separate nation, and a readiness to negotiate with truly representative Algerians, such as the two more-or-less outlawed nationalist parties.

The Communists, needless to say, made the most of these weaknesses in the Mendes-France argument. In addition they urged that the Left-Center coalition which the former Premier represents would remain prisoners of the Right so long as they refused to make a common front with the extreme Left. As the Parliamentary situation stands today, all majorities are purely theoretical. There could be—theoretically—a Left-Center-Socialist coalition with Communist support, a Right-Center alliance with Poujadist support, or a "third force" majority extending from the Socialists on the Left to Pinay on the Right but excluding the Communists and Poujadists. And while the politicians weigh the possibilities, the situation in Algeria goes from bad to worse.

FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT

A Dictator Disports . . . *by Carleton Beals*

THE DOMINICAN Fair of Peace and Confraternity of the Free World, which opened just before Christmas, is a magnificent enterprise which has cost a third of the Dominican Republic's national budget. Seventy-nine buildings have been erected on a 125-acre tract near Ciudad Trujillo, the capital renamed after the present dictator, Generalissimo LeonidasTrujillo; what is more, the fair actually has a small Temple of Peace tucked away in one corner. It is a pygmy compared to the 200-foot Trujillo Peace Monument overlooking Santiago which the dictator dedicated to himself and the country earlier this year.

Besides the usual trade and industrial displays, an atomic-energy exhibit by the United States and a Vatican exhibit, a vast Coney Island has been transported from the U. S. While the beautiful handicrafts and dances of the Dominican Republic are not emphasized the peasants will doubtless continue making music and dancing barefoot (they have no shoes) in their lovely costumes even if they cannot afford to attend the fair.

The exposition will provide Trujillo City with a $1,500,000 zoo of imported giraffes, elephants and bears, and a new stadium costing $3,500,000, but there is also a million-dollar art museum. Unfortunately that notable poet and artist, Virgilio Martinez, will not be among the visitors. He and his wife were murdered by the dictatorship long ago.

The impressive buildings are illuminated by a million-dollar Fountain of Music and Light while the candles still shine out in the thatched huts of the countryside. The fountain can be seen from the new 310-room air-conditioned Hotel Embajador, put up at a cost of $5,000,000. The swarms of dignitaries from the thirty nations participating will be accommodated also by the new Paz Hotel, with 154 rooms, costing two million dollars, and by a 100-room addition to the Jaragua, the city's luxury hotel. The fourteen supermodern hotels in the Republic, most of them put up for the fair—but not included in its cost—are owned or operated for the government by the dictator or members of his family. For the average Dominican cane-cutter to put up at the Embajador Hotel for a week would cost him almost his entire year's wages. The fair has a motor-vehicles pavilion covering an entire block; for the majority of Dominicans, it would take all their earnings for ten years to buy the cheapest American-made car.

Order will certainly prevail at the fair. "Chapita," the one-time outlaw and cattle-rustler, who rose to be dictator in 1930 by overthrowing the enlightened Vasquez government, has nothing to fear as he waves his silk hat from his military car rolling through the grounds, while his brother, President Hector Trujillo, stands meekly beside him in a white waistcoat. Trujillo now has one of the most efficient police forces in Latin America. His secret strong-arm gang, *"La 42,"* is little heard of these relatively sedate days, though not so long ago it dealt out beatings, kidnapped supposed enemies of the regime or murdered suspects. Nor do the torture chambers of *La Nigua* exist any longer; its director has been liquidated (with due credit to "The Benefactor") and the place has been converted into a charitable institution.

Today there is only one party and one press in the Republic, both sustained by the money of the dictatorship, and those who don't like such a system, if not dead, have been in exile by the thousands for many years. About the middle of 1954 an amnesty was declared; Trujillo of-

The Sensitive Dictator

El Caribe, the Dominican Republic's largest newspaper, published on October 27, 1954, a photograph of school children placing a wreath on a bust of dictator Trujillo. But the caption writer mistakenly used the word "tomb" instead of "bust." The error, according to Dr. German Ornes Coiscu, publisher of *El Caribe,* was "enough to loose the furies of hell." The offended dictator took the newspaper away from Dr. Coiscu, who has sought asylum in the United States; the two proofreaders who passed the caption, as well as the linotypist who set it up, are in jail. As for the reporter who made the mistake in the first place, Dr. Ornes said he did not know whether he was "dead or alive or in jail."

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fered to pay the transportation back to the country of any who desired it. There is no public record of acceptance, and on August 8, 1954, there were still enough Dominican exiles at large in Washington to stage a demonstration of protest before Blair House when President Eisenhower gave the dictator a state dinner.

THE AMERICAN business men who attended the fair to drum up business will have to negotiate almost exclusively with Trujillo family enterprises. The Trujillos and a small circle of favorites monopolize tobacco, meat, salt and most foodstuffs. They own or control leading hotels, shipping, radio and television, newspapers, sugar mills, cement works, auto agencies, banks, breweries and other ventures. A favorite pastime is buying from the government cheap and selling to the government at fantastic prices. Trujillo recently sold to the government a sugar refinery for $50,000,000.

When the President started the new University City (housing the oldest university in the New World) some years back, he was given a doctorate for his generosity in relinquishing the site for $100,000. He had just bought it from Senator Jaime Mota, Jr., for $10,000.

Trujillo is always a showy figure. He has a vast assortment of generals' and admirals' uniforms, but not quite as many medals as the former Porfirio Diaz of Mexico. He greeted Vice-President Nixon in a fairly sober uniform, but when he visited Dictator Franco in Spain he was decked out in amazing epaulettes, braid covering his whole chest, and hat-plumes fore and aft. A touching scene was enacted when the Generalissimo of Spain and the Generalissimo of the Caribbean parted. Trujillo broke down into tears.

Perhaps higher than the Fountain of Light and Music, not so many years ago, flared the gasoline-drenched funeral pyres of slaughtered Haitians, a massacre directed by the dictator himself (some 5,000 were murdered, according to the *Herald-Tribune,* which broke the story nearly a month after it happened). The official Haitian count of the dead is 12,618. All that dreadful night, according to Bishop J. M. Jan, truck after truck, dripping blood and filled with mangled

President Trujillo

bodies, passed in the direction of the shark-infested seas.

The first thirteen years of Trujillo's quarter-century of rule (under the slogan of "Trujillo and God") were years of economic doldrums that came on the heels of a hurricane that wiped out the capital and caused 3,000 deaths. Trade was far below that of the previous thirteen years. The upswing came with the war and the postwar periods. Not until 1943 did production and trade begin to edge up. By 1954 it totaled $202,553,933.

How much of this improvement is due to Trujillo or to the general continental trend, it is impossible to say. Whether progress would have been greater or less under more democratic governments cannot be known. In any case the Trujillo balance-sheet cannot be tallied until the possible disorder and bloodshed that may succeed his iron rule are deducted from the glorious showing. His grandiose building projects, this glittering fair, so out of proportion with the living standards and the incomes of the people, is very similar to the death-knell period of the Diaz and similar dictatorships, such as that of Vincente Gomez of Venezuela. Percentage-wise the Republic has not done as well under Trujillo as a large number of Latin American countries in the same period. But it has done better than some, particularly those of Central America, especially Nicaragua and Honduras, which are also plagued with dictatorships.

The increased revenues from the war period brought many new industries, most of them personally promoted by Trujillo. During the last ten years of his rule, he can show an outstanding record of public improvements—hospitals, schools, roads, tourist facilities, water and sewage systems, harbor development and irrigation projects. He has provided asylum for Jews and Spanish refugees, chiefly Trotskyites. In spite of his many new schools, however, illiteracy had remained at about 60 per cent until recently. In 1954 a thousand new schools were promised to take care of the 350,000 elementary-school children who still have no classrooms. Illiteracy is to be wiped out in two years. At present all illiterates between 14 and 60 must attend special night courses in reading and writing or be fined or go to jail. There is no doubt, also, that the war and postwar prosperity of the island, by providing employment, has reduced much discontent, so that the dictator has had no need to resort to the brutal tactics of his earlier years.

But the deep scar-tissue nevertheless is still there and, underneath, the flesh is still infected with the germs of hate and bitterness, of nepotism and family monopoly, and the lack of any genuine political freedoms.

There have been many paid eulogizers of Trujillo, and even before his seizure of power he was the special protege of the U. S. Marine occupation, later of the State Department. More than one American Senator besides Hamilton Fish has enjoyed the financial beneficence of the dictator and has sung his praises. So have a number of powerful public-relations concerns. Some of our great metropolitan dailies have run eulogistic articles about Trujillo—along with paid full-page portrait ads of the dictator. Nor have individual writers escaped the lure. Stanley Walker has put out a bemused booklet for the Dominican Republic Center of New York, in which he labels the one-party system as "the True Democratic Spirit"—a party "which functions throughout the country with its own office buildings, well organized, and having libraries, schools and other social services. It can be affirmed that there does not exist, nor has there existed before in any country as a political party, an institution such as this."

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The dictator has promoted considerable worthwhile public housing. His personal housing is not to be sneezed at. He has many mansions across the land, but his chief residence is adjacent to the American Embassy. Besides reception rooms, it has a dentist's office, motion-picture theatre, lounges, beauty parlor, barber shop, sewing rooms, swimming pool, gymnasium, and an ice-skating rink built especially for his younger son, Leonidas Rhadames, who is not yet a general of the Dominican Army.

3 CAMPUS REPORTS

[In an article entitled "Religion on the Campus" which appeared in last week's Nation, *Stanley Rowland, Jr., religious-news reporter for the New York* Times, *discussed the "search" for religion manifested on many campuses throughout the country. In the following articles three students from as many campuses—the Universities of Washington, Minnesota and California—discuss the same question from the viewpoint of their own immediate surroundings.]*

The "Hidden Generation"

By D. Kosobud Doe

Seattle

THE STATE of Washington and its public-supported university have always tended toward secularism. A few years ago when church membership in the nation rose to 50 per cent, Washington claimed a bare 25 per cent. In the past few years, however, this impulse to ignore the national trend has somewhat abated. Religious interest—along with conservative political inclinations—claims increasing importance in our collective conscience. Increasing, also, is the concern of a number of ministers and educators over the *nature* of this reversion to orthodoxy as it is reflected by University of Washington students.

The university itself has no chapel on the campus, and no departments issuing degrees in theology. The philosophy department has one course dealing with the problems of free will, immortality, etc., and the English department conducts one in the Bible as literature. Since the university operates on the quarter system, this is brief coverage for so vast a field. However, snuggled closely around campus are approximately fifteen sects of the Christian religion where students interested in spiritual guidance, or social activities, may go.

At the time of registration, students are asked to indicate their religious preference, but in the last two years this question has been marked "optional," thus considerably shrinking the file where these answers are kept (Roman Catholics excluded). A few years ago the largest religious organization gleaned from this file a list of 100 members who responded to mailed brochures; of these some twenty-five became active members. Today, it has a list of over 500 members, of whom fifty to seventy-five can be counted on to participate in group activities. The ratio of "active" is smaller, but not those who affiliate.

The religious leaders I spoke with who work with the student groups feel that the resurgence of interest in Christianity on this campus, as in the nation, is the result of an almost existential anxiety the people possess; a feeling of insecurity, of isolation, of a terrible desire for reassurance about the value of life itself. These men do not take an optimistic view about the increasing numbers in their folds. They are worried whether this "boom" of interest will lead to a "bust" for the faith, for they are not sure what the student expects from, or what he will give to his religion.

The problem, as stated by one reverend, is: "The students have withdrawn into an almost impenetrable shell and are unwilling to open themselves up by discussing conditions or questions over which they feel they have no control. The students I've talked to show very little concern toward the issues of politics; in fact, they seem indifferent to the body politic in general." Their attitude seems to be the direct result of their knowledge of the regulations of industry. He went on to say that the majority of students he met had come to the university to get degrees in order to obtain better jobs. Yet they already sense the lack of personal satisfaction they will find in their fields. In rejecting an impossible world, the students have found themselves uneasily in the same situation, so they turn to religion for the *personal experience* denied them in other fields. But they carry to religion the same attitudes with which they meet the daily demands of life: an acceptance of activity (busyness), but an inability to commune, to form strong attachments, to release the vital emotions frozen within them. They live in a trough, rather than a triumph of history. Restive, unsettled without knowing quite why, they "are not so much lost as hiding," he said.

A history professor was slated to speak that weekend on the cultural climate of Jesus's time. "Students seem to feel they must accept the Bible literally," the pastor continued. "They have little sense of the past. If they understood more about the history of Christianity they would accept it as a conceptual framework within which to work out their lives." They prefer to question theological points rather than fundamental relationships and the significance of religious experience. Most of his students, he felt, had compartmentalized their religious beliefs and their daily activities so that the two never came into contact with each other. Finding themselves unable to make their beliefs integral to experience, they seek identity through the reflections of outward behavior rather than inner responses. Burdened with the weight of unsatisfied expectation, they have lost that particular *elan* youth once possessed in self-discovery.

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One of the largest and wealthiest organizations by the campus is the local Presbyterian church, ultra-conservative in outlook and fundamentalist in appeal. Last year it sent four students (expenses paid) to Alaska and six to South America in a missionary endeavor—an unprecedented action here. Its expanding student membership is the result of an earnest campaign to enlist the younger generation, to offer it sanctuary in a hostile or indifferent world. This group seeks the basketball and football players, and the campus politicians. It feels it is gaining results, for these students in turn enlist others; their influence is strong on campus.

THE ministers agree that clerical attention is now being directed toward the students because the churches have more money to spend on activities today, and because the students themselves are more approachable than they were a few years ago. The wealth of popular songs dealing with Biblical personalities, the use of Christian slogans in commercial and political campaigns, the general acceptance of orthodox views on the part of students who are at a general loss as to what other values to affirm, have all helped to render the subject intellectually acceptable.

The fundamentalist sects have an unanswerable point: they are bringing a type of religious experience into the lives of the students. They are sweeping them, rather than reasoning them into the fold. These youths are buttoned up warmly in the immediacy of fundamentalism, and if they are not confronted with —or required, or even requested to probe—the problems and relationships of the complex life which is theirs, they are at least occupied with an electric religious zeal.

At the other end of the range of attitudes toward religion is the YMWCA, whose director, in an attempt to ascertain what discussion topics would interest the students in relation to "Religious Week" on campus last year, sent a questionnaire to seventeen student groups, fourteen of them Greek-letter societies. Results tabulated from responses by 515 students showed:

1) The conflict between science and religion is still the major question which students acknowledged as being most important for them to think about.
2) The students showed a high degree of interest in examining or comparing the various faiths and getting some suggestions as to how to choose among them.
3) Inapplicable moral standards within religions, and the contributions religions might offer the student and the world, were of very little concern to them.

In his twenty-one years of working with students the director of the "Y" has not felt more at a loss as how to approach students than he does today. "Five years ago we needed only to post a brief note announcing a good speaker *or* a good topic and the hall would be crowded," he said.

"What brings students in today?"

"Nothing."

What they wanted now was a "show" at which they could be passive spectators. The director had gone to the men's living groups in an endeavor to discover what general topics would interest the average student, but found them adamant in their resistance to forums, or discussions of any type. For the most part they were indifferent to religious appeal, and "tired of being tired" by the burden of their numerous activities. "They show no sense of accomplishment, no zest, for all their occupations," he said. He revealed, also, that every foreign student he spoke with was disconcerted by the social attitudes displayed by students in this country. "It is as if young people now were afraid to reveal themselves," the director commented. "They attend dances, classes, panel discussions, picnics, etc., as if their personalities were on trial and they would be graded plus or minus according to their behavior."

He said there were a few who read David Riesman or Arthur Miller, for example, in an attempt to understand the fragmentized world they live in, but discussions of these occur rarely among the students themselves, or in the religious groups. Professors, directors and ministers are the confidants. An inquiring mind on campus today seeks the authority of a specialist. Among friends, discussions range over the topics of sports (mainly), front-page sensations, classwork, the "screwball" personality, and an increasing amount of personal anecdote of a special type: the crazy adventures of the past. Everyone seems to thrill vicariously through the "noncomformist" adventures of others. Typical . . . but these same students are choosing their future jobs with an eye on the retirement benefits. They talk adventure, but live for security. Is this "wisdom" in a twenty-year-old? The director commented on the situation with Albert Schweitzer's remark: " 'My knowledge is pessimistic but my willing and hoping are optimistic.' "

Considering politics and religion, students are not, on the whole, *anti* anything, but rather *for*. They are *for* whatever will offer them the least line of resistance, *for* outside reassurance of inner worth. They are for getting ahead in moderation; suburbia is their Beulah land. And they are overwhelmingly for "How to. . ."—a phrase more and more confused with "enlightenment" in America.

IN religion, as in politics, they seek direction but are unable to feel a sense of mission. They look for approval, obey the rules, but are unwilling, or unable to enter wholeheartedly into their activities. At bottom, they are unable to believe in anything because they do not believe in themselves. One minister said they seek only personal salvation. Another, that it was a "patchwork religion" students sought, a utilitarian God. The revival of interest is more pagan than Christian in nature.

These students, wrapped in the cloak of their own nonentity, wait for something to change, some god to reveal himself. Denied by family, education and society the right to make mistakes, they put no foot forward without first testing the acceptability of the ground. Mean-

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while, partially due to an almost inbred feeling that atheism will not brighten man's outlook, and partially due to the respect these students show to anyone who possesses conviction, "the church" is included among their growing list of extra-curricular activities. On the surface they know where they are going and how to get there. At the deeper level which probes into what they expect out of life and what they will give to it, they seem indeed the "hidden generation."

Report from Minneapolis

By Ann Oriel and Jeanne Fortier

Minneapolis

AT THE University of Minnesota the theme of the annual mid-November Religion in Life week explored a big question: Is religion necessary to the school's 23,000 students? Or is it just something "nice" to have?

For the faithful members of the thirty-four religious groups on the campus it was a period of appraisal aimed at finding out whether religious activities were anything more to them than comfortable social gatherings. In the process they also learned how others looked at their beliefs. One student, who attended a panel on religion's place in the social sciences, carried away a vivid memory of three professors who shot question after question at the panel members "until they made me so nervous I couldn't stand it any longer." Another student expressed amazement at seeing his fraternity friends, usually indifferent to religion, crowding their house discussion group to ask questions and criticize.

A major problem facing those with previous church affiliations is that of finding out whether a religion which may have satisfied past needs will fit new ones. One girl, who has not gone to her Lutheran student group for two years, commented that she felt need of it at first "before I could stand on my own feet." She said her friends' affiliations with religious groups are "a link with home and the things they've grown up with."

Every foundation has a different program to meet these and other needs—needs which, as a university survey shows, vary from a desire for religious guidance to a demand for a place to play ping-pong. Groups often become close-knit and satisfied with what they have to offer. Yet, as several members of the Roger Williams fellowship pointed out during the religious-week discussions, such groups may be keeping their religion off in a corner by excluding the unorthodox thinker and eschewing debate.

Dr. Henry E. Allen, university religious coordinator, set off a lively controversy with his statement that at the university there is an "attitude prevailing in certain influential academic quarters that religion is to be ruled out as a respectable curricular topic." He said that in the past, faculty committees "have sidetracked legitimate requests . . . to provide informative, non-propagandistic courses about religion."

An assistant professor of English disputed this. "Classroom discussion of such an issue [religion] . . . would in any case be as profitless as discussion of the merits of vanilla and tutti-frutti," he said in a letter in the student newspaper, the *Minnesota Daily*. "Such courses [as theology] are indoctrination rather than education; they are, in the ordinary sense of the word, propagandistic. What sort of living we take to be 'purposeful and idealistic' depends upon our religious and ethical persuasions, and to plump for one religion or ethical system is no business of the university."

A professor of educational psychology sided with Allen, asking whether the university was being religiously honest in excluding theology from its curriculum. "It was almost as though we were *afraid* to have religion as a component of life considered along with other areas of life significance. . . . Are we so righteously different from Yale, Chicago, Princeton, Brown and Columbia? Are the private universities to be the only place where students can examine religious thinking?"

Implicit in Allen's view is the assumption that Minnesota students are being denied something they want—a chance to learn more about theology. But the students make known what they want. Right now there is talk and letters in the *Daily* about whether the arts college should have a language requirement, whether a public-health course should be necessary for graduation, whether students should have a "study break" before final examinations. But not about theology courses.

Report from Berkeley

By Al Goldenberg

Berkeley, California

STUDENTS of the University of California's Berkeley campus have generally become more concerned with religion and religious activities in the past few years. This, at least, is the opinion of most campus church groups.

Trinity Methodist Church reports that over the past year there has been a marked increase in service attendance and in participation in its Wesley Foundation youth group. St. Mark's Episcopal Church and its Canterbury Club make similar observations. The Catholic Newman Club states that, although the number of students participating in its activities has always been a good percentage of the Catholics on campus, there has been a large increase in the number of converts.

The First Presbyterian Church of Berkeley comments that while the number of students on campus having any religious affiliations is a comparatively small group, there is a new interest being aroused in the university community and a new effort being exerted by religious groups. This effort is largely evangelical in nature.

An example of the new enthusiasm is the First Presbyterian's Tuesday night meetings, to which each member of the church must bring one curious atheist, deist or agnostic. Another example is Focus, an organization founded in the West some five years ago. The function of Focus (Fellowship of Overseas College and University Students) is to meet foreign students arriving in the United States and escort them to a front-row view of Christian family life.

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THE BIG GUNS

1. Pentagon Power . . . *by Matthew Josephson*

[*This is the first of three articles based on a work now in progress dealing with our huge new military establishment, its impact on the economy, its relation with big business and its influence on our political institutions. Mr. Josephson is the author of* The Robber Barons *and* Sidney Hillman, Statesman of American Labor, *among other books. The second article of this series will appear in next week's issue of* The Nation.]

FOR A WHOLE decade we have, somehow, lived through cold war. Indeed, it was as long ago as 1940 that, in response to President Roosevelt's call to arms, we turned ourselves into the Arsenal of Democracy. We have been that ever since. But are we to become always more "arsenal" and less "democracy"?

Today the most prominent feature of our economy and national policy is our military program. Yet America was formerly regarded as the most unmilitary of the great powers. It used to be said that "the business of America is business." Now our biggest business is national defense—"the largest business the world has ever seen" it was called by General Lucius D. Clay, American quartermaster-general of World War II. The hundreds of billions we have been spending on war and on armaments or infernal machines for defense since the war would make Calvin Coolidge, frugal President of a generation ago, turn in his grave.

After World War II ended we turned not to peace but, quite promptly, to a long-drawn-out arms race with our wartime ally, Soviet Russia. We counted at first upon our air supremacy and A-bomb "monopoly"; then upon making hydrogen bombs; and more lately upon intercontinental ballistic missiles. It has been a sort of atomic rat race. Thus we have lived from crisis to crisis, ever fearing the "impossible" thermonuclear war and ever preparing for it.

At length there came the veritable promise of armistice, or at least of *detente,* following the Geneva conference of last July. The hope of some standstill agreement for arms, difficult of achievement though it may be, has arisen to thrill the cold-war-weary people of all lands. (The source of President Eisenhower's great popularity can hardly be treated as a military secret much longer.) It has been like news of a reprieve from the sentence of universal destruction that overhung us and our progeny after us.

This interval of reduced tension and renewed diplomatic activity seems different from others that have, occasionally, interrupted the cold war in that more serious mention is now heard in informed circles of a sort of "technological stalemate" having been reached. Not only Dr. Vannevar Bush, but Admiral Arthur W. Radford and Sir Winston Churchill have suggested that the bi-polar competition for "supers" and hydrogen bombs may be approaching the phase of "saturation."

In this time of renewed hope—that may prove to be transitory, or may conceivably mark one of the turning points in modern history—it would be well for us to look back over the road we have traveled these ten years, the years of the cold war. With immediate danger averted, at least for a brief period, we may draw breath and measure the peril that has passed close by. We must struggle to gain some perspective, hard though it is to do so with regard to recent events. For too long we have lived in a mood of existentialist dread. Civilization has been sleeping badly with its weekend case packed, ready to take off at any moment to the caves or the ruins. Perhaps only in times to come (if humanity survives) will men know how much we have been obsessed by our fears and our terrible military designs alike; and how near we have come to turning our democratic community in America into the sort of military-police state we only thought we were trying to get away from.

WHAT KIND of "Americanism" do you prefer? Each epoch seems to have its own taste. Today's is military. But one of the oldest traditions of the real "Americanism" as we always knew it was our national dislike and suspicion of a large, standing military force. It was certainly one of the contributing causes of the Revolution in which this Republic was born. Thereafter subordination of our small army to civilian authority was written into the Constitution. In times of crisis we depended on militia and mass levies of citizen-soldiers rather than upon professionals. In peacetime we reduced such forces of regulars to skeleton form.

The idea of a military or "garri-

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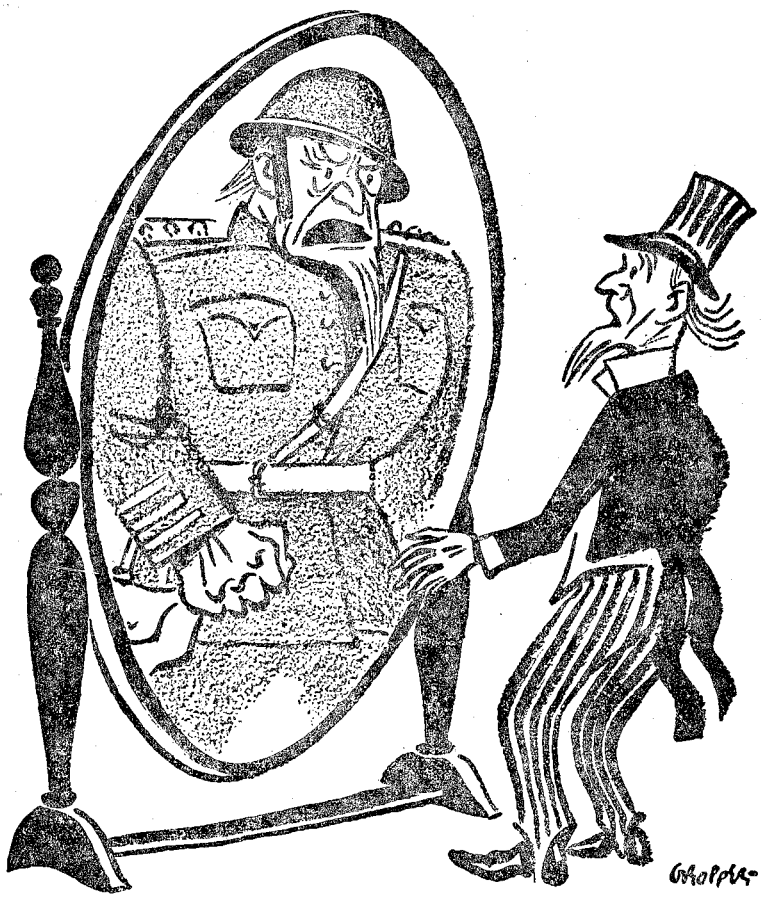
son state" arising in America—so detestable to the founding fathers—has been very much present in men's minds since the late 1930s and widely discussed in conservative as well as liberal circles. In 1941 the eminent sociologist, Dr. Harold D. Lasswell, prepared a "construct" of recent politico-military developments abroad and at home, entitled *The Garrison State,* in which there was forecast some system resembling Mussolinian fascism as a possibility for America. Both in his 1941 paper and the revised version of it done in 1950 (for the Committee on Economic Development) Lasswell, while expressing concern for the possible loss of many of our ancient liberties by all men, seemed to direct his warnings primarily to the "business elite" whose interests appeared to him most seriously threatened by military rule. His underlying thought then may have been that the powerful Roosevelt, as warlord, might turn our "business state" into a "military state." It has not come about quite as simply as all that; but we have certainly changed. The question is one of degree: how much?

The military or garrison state is actually one of the oldest and most widely prevalent forms of human society, engaged in unending wars with neighbor-states, with its existence and sometimes its exchequer also dependent on its men of arms. In more recent centuries, in Europe, Prussia under Frederick the Great was largely a military camp; while Russia under the old Czars, also without natural defense barriers and with warlike neighbors, similarly depended on its land army. On the other hand England was favored by being an island, developing its commerce and democratic institutions more rapidly. The United States is an island continent, sheltered by broad expanses of ocean. (These, of course, have shrunk to the narrow time-space of a few hours by supersonic plane.)

The military-police dictatorships of Hitler and Mussolini seem to us retrograde in form. Under the soldier-leader, Hitler, all activities of the society, as in ancient Sparta, were subordinated to its military purpose; civil rights, court-processes, freedom of thought and press, parliamentary discussions were all done away with. On the economic front consumer goods such as "butter" were restricted in favor of "guns." The great armament build-up of 1934-1938, however, brought full production, full employment, scarcity of many materials—in short, a kind of boom, although with all materials, credits and currency, as well as prices and wages, under centralized state controls.



IN contrast, America has had both guns and butter, in fact guns and Buicks. We have held our military organization subordinate, under the law, to civilian authority, the President in command, Congress keeping the all-important power of purse. We have maintained our representative institutions and courts intact. However, thanks to measures promulgated in wartime and renewed under the very prolonged crisis of cold war, we have formed the habit of abusing our own excellent laws safeguarding the rights and privileges of the individual citizen. Democratic process, in other words, has become coarsened. Fearing for the safety of the Republic, as Chief Justice Warren has written lately, we have been tempted at times to "imitate totalitarian methods." In extending security and loyalty controls to more than eight million Americans, he warns us, "we have reduced our ancient liberties." Certainly we have made steady progress in adapting—though under varying legal safeguards, allowing sometimes more, sometimes less privilege of due process, or appeal—the methods of surveillance and thought-control used by the military-police states we condemn.

The attrition of some of our liberties is often attributed to the fact that the world war ended without bringing peace, since the two most powerful members of the victorious coalition could reach no agreement on peace terms. Thus, in the official view, the world has become hopelessly divided into "two great garrisons," one Russian-centered, the other American-centered. Our people have come to accept the notion that our national policy is based on military force primarily, and that this has been brought about through the power drive of the "Kremlin clique" and the fatal incompatibility of their system and ours which impells us to fight for "world leadership." While Russia makes vassals of its neighbors and abolishes free institutions and free capitalism in their territories, we establish a girdle of forward air bases around the Rus-

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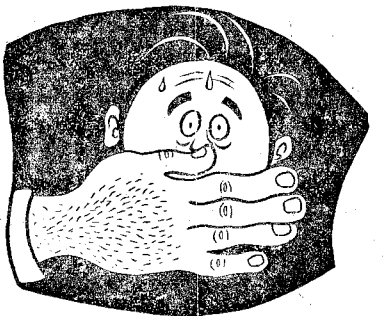
sian-centered power, foster free capitalism in the regions under our own military influence and also (where possible) a few free elections.

At home ever greater efforts are put forth by our government to increase the country's military-technical striking power, to turn America more and more into a "fighting society." The more military state we become the more we *require* an unswerving patriotism or loyalty in the populace, as Thorstein Veblen observed.

Other recognizable features of the garrison state emerge here, gradually altering the appearance of our society. The national defense program calls for enormous federal expenditures and these in turn give scope to new interest groups. The professional men of arms, the military experts, seize the initiative to launch more and bigger military projects and lay hands on all the facilities they can possibly use. The National Military Establishment centralizes power within itself, becomes a bureaucratic institution of monstrous size.

In this age of technological warfare the government, besides deploying large forces on land, sea and air, also carries on extremely important research and experimental projects through government bureaus and by contract with private corporations, universities and technical schools. These are necessarily managed, as was the A-bomb project during the war, under regimes of strict military security. Many thousands of scientific and technical men now labor in silence and secrecy, with their experimental findings unpublished, while their letters are opened, their conversation is recorded and their telephones are tapped by the security police. Secrecy is the watchword and affects ever wider areas of scientific and educational activities, as universities and schools are brought into the government's military-technical program and increasingly subsidized. "Our job is not to advance knowledge, but to advance the military," was the rueful remark made recently by one of America's leading weapons research men, Dr. A. G. Hill, head of the government-sponsored Lincoln Laboratory at M.I.T.

During this "bi-polar" struggle for the world the drive for internal security and discipline spreads from the area of government personnel to defense industries, to trade unions, and even into libraries. From the repression of the partisans of communism in America we move on to that of other dissenting groups of Socialists, religious pacifists or liberals—and sometimes simply of persons whose opinions are considered "unsound" (e. g. "disloyal") by men vested with new and unaccustomed powers of surveillance. The hearings before the A. E. C. Security Board, last year, of Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, the man who contributed most to the production of America's A-bomb weapons during the last war, have been described as a species



of "purge trial" followed by his excommunication from all service under the federal government, which previously awarded him the Medal of Merit. As Senator Ralph Flanders warned in a speech before the Senate:

> It is not only that we are sacrificing to defense our standard of living and the free independence of our economic life. We are sacrificing our freedom itself. We are being forced to shift the American way of life into the pattern of the garrison state. . . .

ONE WAY of measuring the degree of change toward the military state suggested by the economist-historian, Josef Schumpeter (in his book, *Imperialism*), is to try to judge whether and how far the business class of a country is being drawn into alliance with the military. When a nation such as Japan (in former years) maintains an out-sized military establishment, when its officer corps is linked to a definite ruling class, when high military circles assume an ever-larger political influence and "responsible statesmen can act only with their consent," then, Schumpeter holds, we have come to the predominantly military state.

We in the United States are not yet under the full domination of the military and the security police; but their influence has certainly grown to be enormous and ubiquitous. A half generation of war and cold war has seen "professional military men moved up to positions of great responsibility and trust," as the *Combat Forces Journal* has observed (December, 1952). In consequence "politicians have sought to enroll this or that general or admiral for their party and put him up for high office." We elected our most famous army general as President in 1952. Even before that President Truman surrounded himself with aides, envoys and ambassadors who were professional military men; he appointed one of them Secretary of State.

The very size of our peacetime armed services and their demand for extremely costly and complicated weapons, aerodynamic or nuclear, has brought about an important change in the relations between the military services and Congress. The need has grown for contracts calling for long-term testing and production schedules that carry over from year to year. Thus Congress has practically lost control of its annual military budgets, according to the Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* (September 15, 1951), since only a minor portion, about one-third of the outlay, is subject to change or reduction. Moreover, members of congressional committees who have long supervised military expenditures nowadays frankly confess that they find it impossible to understand the very detailed and technical "justifications" for drafts on the Treasury that are presented to them by General Staff officers and examined, very largely, in secret session. Typical expressions of congressional bewilderment are: "It is impossible for this committee to go thoroughly into every operation of the air force"; or "I am willing to take the word of the General Staff, the people who are running this show." Would not anything less, in these hours of danger, appear, perhaps, *disloyal*?

With the growth of military business to colossal proportions many business firms shift from the civilian market to the handling of defense contracts, upon which they come to depend in increasing measure. The center of power itself seems to shift toward the top of a pyramid where central decisions are made for the

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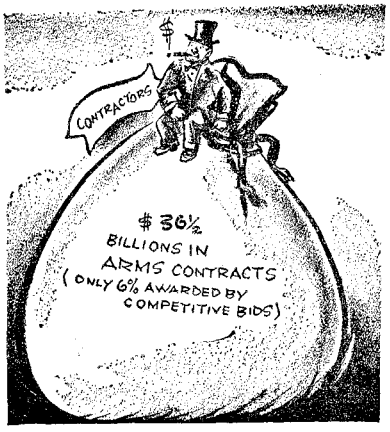
allocation of vital materials, tools, plants and even of subsidies for them. It is not quite correct to say, as does Lasswell, that "Business men . . . tend in fact, if not in form, to become the hired administrators of government programs." The representatives of business also move up toward the center of power, to staff many government commissions and supervise the administrative work of the giant Military Establishment. An extremely close and confidential relationship is formed (as in pre-World War II Japan, or in Germany before 1914) between the directors of manufacturing concerns specializing in defense production and military officers charged with procurement.

In recent years we have seen a significant backward and forward flow of top-ranking generals and admirals to executive positions in industrial corporations and of big business executives into the many administrative and semi-military bureaus of our Defense Department. Modern war has become "the war of factories." In World War I America's "vast and relentless munitions industry," as Ludendorff wrote in his memoirs, turned the scales against Germany. In World War II our forces were again victorious, many military commentators have said, not so much because of the warlike genius of our commanders as because of the overwhelming weight of armor that poured from our factories. Since World War II there has been a long marriage festival between the men of the sword and the men of the factories.

WE HAVE lived through so many nerve-shattering events in these past ten years that we have become punch-drunk; our minds no longer register the fact that this "peacetime" Military Establishment in our midst is approximately ten times the size of our prewar military force and costs about twenty times as much (reckoned in prewar dollars). We have scarcely begun to measure the impact of such an extraordinary investment of our labor and productive wealth upon our economy and our body politic.

When President Eisenhower was commissioned a lieutenant in the Regular Army in 1915 it had a little over 100,000 men. Supplies consisted mainly of breech-loading rifles,



Partymiller in York Gazette and Daily

What a system!

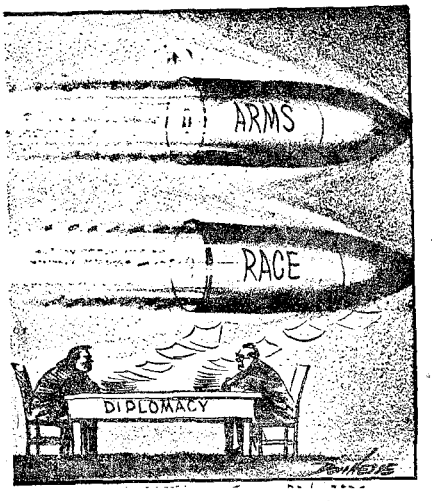
some mules and fodder. Today, in peacetime, Eisenhower commands armed forces of over 3,100,000; in addition to this the Defense Department employs an additional 1,200,000 civilians to do its paper work, the total of 4,300,000 personnel being about seven per cent of America's active labor force. Of the three armed services, the air force alone has become "the world's biggest business," as former Secretary for Air, Thomas K. Finletter pointed out. It has larger assets than General Motors, A. T. & T., Standard Oil, General Electric and U. S. Steel all put together. The total property of the Defense Department in equipment, military structure, depots and air bases at home and all over the world has been valued at $140 billion, according to an estimate prepared by Charles R. Hook, former President of the N. A. M. It is, as Mr. Hook concludes, "a colossal operation." The cost of defense during the last five years, from fiscal 1951 through 1955, has averaged about $40 billion annually, to which should be added some five to six billion dollars more for atomic energy and foreign aid, now chiefly military in form.

Formerly it was our custom to dismantle our armed forces after war. But following World War II, our military for the first time in history refused to beat their swords into plowshares. We acquired at last what the founding fathers, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, most feared: a standing army, and one of huge size. The professional military men who command its operation now dispose of a wealth and spending power beyond their wildest dreams. The impact of this vast spending power on the national economy surpasses that of any previous government operation in peacetime.

During the 1930s President Roosevelt, under the inspiration of Keynes's theory of "compensatory spending," carried out a large federal relief and public-works program aimed at stimulating business recovery and employment. But Roosevelt and Keynes were "pikers" compared to those who now draw up our modern military budgets.

World War II brought maximum production and full employment, while also storing up inflationary forces which, after the war, burst forth in a rising wage and price spiral. Wars, though cruel and wasteful, have almost always in the past stimulated mechanical progress and trade and offered great fortune to those quick to grasp their opportunities for profit. Moreover, loans, bounties and rapid tax write-offs allowed by government subsidized the major part of our increased wartime capacity, so that when the shooting was over we were half again bigger and richer industrially than five years before. After the war military expenditures were stabilized at what was actually a very high level. As J. K. Galbraith has said: "Even at their postwar low in fiscal 1948, military outlays were greater than all federal spending in the pump-priming days of the New Deal." In justification of such outlays members of Congress pointed out that Russia had the world's largest army, that communism was "making war on the United States," and "nobody was going back to the prewar basis."

Then came the "police action" in Korea.



Toronto Daily Star

Whoosh!

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The Most Difficult Man

JONATHAN SWIFT. By John Middleton Murry. The Noonday Press. $6.

By Joseph Wood Krutch

BECAUSE Jonathan Swift is the most controversial figure in all English literature it is not likely that a definitive biographical-critical study will ever be written—or generally accepted if it should be. That he was one of the most powerful writers of prose who ever lived is recognized by everybody capable of recognizing powerful prose. But agreement stops there. We do not always know what he did at crucial moments and his motives are often disputable. What is even more important, his moral character has been so differently judged that he has been described by some as little short of virtue personified and by others as little better than one of his own Yahoos.

In this closely-printed book of more than five hundred pages Middleton Murry plunges in where angels tread softly. After a brief, general acknowledgement to predecessors he brushes aside the vast accumulations of recent scholarship and seems (there are no bibliography or footnotes) to base his exposition largely upon his own reading of Swift's work and the testimony of contemporaries. The method has its obvious advantages and equally obvious drawbacks. One gets in this biography an intelligible running comment on the works and a credible middle-of-the-road estimate of Swift's character.

But the reader who knows only what he is here told should perhaps be warned that what Murry has to say can and probably will be questioned at many points. For instance: though much is based upon Swift's resentment of Dryden's criticism, it is not demonstrable that the latter ever did say "Cousin Swift you will never be a poet," at least in those words; and though Murry takes it for granted that the horse-people in *Gulliver's Travels* represent Swift's ideal and therefore furnish the key to his moral attitudes, an equally persuasive case has been made that he regarded them as no more than promising primitives. None of this is intended to suggest that Murry is wrong; merely that his book is an interpretation, not a complete presentation of what is currently said about Swift.

BY carefully selecting from among Swift's known acts and recorded expressions it would be possible to support either of the most extreme judgments upon him. He made inhuman demands upon three women and, though at least two of them submitted completely, he ruined the lives of them all. Yet they all adored him. As an Irish dean of the established church he gladly humiliated the conquered Irish by forcing himself upon them; yet he risked his own safety to defend them against economic oppression. Upon the meanness of the human race he emptied the vials of the most corrosive scorn that has ever been poured upon it, but he was capable of a terrible rancor and of taking revenges which it is hard to describe as anything except mean. The most unforgettable of his phrases range from such nobilities as "I never wonder to see men wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed," to meanly boastful accounts of the rudeness with which he treated someone temporarily in his power and to that terrible passage in a letter to Stella (not quoted here) in which he jubilantly records his success in getting a vagabond (charged with raping a low prostitute) hanged for no reason except that he was a vagabond.

It is still possible, as it was in Swift's own day, to question whether he was a sincere Christian or an atheist and his modern defenders will not be pleased by Murry's acceptance of the proposition that Swift, like many of his contemporaries, believed simply that an established church was a socially and politically indispensable institution. He will also offend the all-out champions by admitting that the physical nastiness of the later verses, which is sometimes explained away, was pathological and represents what Samuel Johnson called "an unnatural delight in ideas physically impure."

This nastiness, as well as the celibacy which persisted despite the fact that Swift was obviously attractive to and attracted by women, has been accounted for on grounds as diverse as "purity" on the one hand and, on the other, either venereal disease or the supposed knowledge that Stella, the only woman he ever really loved, was a blood relative on the left. Murry's explanation that he was so thoroughly disillusioned by the failure of Varina, his first love, to measure up to his idealist's demands that he ruled out marriage forever is unsensational but adequate.

On the other hand, few doubt that the explanation (whether or not it is also an adequate excuse) of Swift's bitterness was, as Murry makes it, his justifiable sense that his talents had got neither adequate recognition nor adequate occasions for their employment. He began life as a dependent and until he retired to Ireland where he brooded himself into madness his ambition compelled him to solicit favors from and often to be snubbed by people obviously his inferiors in every respect. And certainly resentment reinforced whatever more reasonable grounds he may have had for holding the human race in low esteem. Perhaps his remark that he wrote *Gulliver* "not to please mankind but to vex it" is not the whole truth but it suggests part of the truth about many of his acts. And there is at least as much truth in the famous statement to Pope: "All my endeavors from a boy to distinguish myself were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a Lord by those who have an opinion of my parts . . . and so the reputation of wit or great learning does the office of a blue ribbon, or of a coach and six horses." In the end it didn't. And whether or not that is what a man who uses talents for such a purpose deserves is a question. In any event

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH is the author of Samuel Johnson, Henry David Thoreau, The Measure of Man *and many other books.*

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it helps explain why Swift's austerity could often become harshness and why his scorn of men's vices was not always unmixed with personal resentment. He could be humane to those who had never offended him but few in positions of power or privilege escaped offending him. He did not want the Irish to be cheated or starved but he wanted state and church to keep all men in their place—partly, perhaps, because people not kept down so usually became offensive both to God and to him.

As is nearly always the case, no explanation of the motives and character of a great writer really explains why he was a great writer. Does anything one can say about Swift help us to understand how it happens that no man could better demonstrate the truth and meaning of his own description of good prose: "proper words in proper places"? That the proper words are usually very plain ones and that the proper places usually seem the obvious ones only deepens the mystery.

Use, Form and Art

AN AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE. By Frank Lloyd Wright. Edited by Edgar Kaufmann. Horizon Press. $10.

By Elizabeth Pokorny

IN A TIME when the prophets and our own consciences warn us that we are endangered as whole men by narrow specialization, a compulsion to conform, the run-away machine and a rusting materialism, it is strange that one of the most nonconforming champions of the human spirit is receiving a popular acclaim bordering, as it snowballs, on adulation. This man is Frank Lloyd Wright, the greatest living architect.

The tribute now being paid him has been earned through more than sixty years of creative effort. He has given form to an architecture which borrows its inspiration, not from European precedents, but from the nature of the local, twentieth-century materials at hand, and from the locality and site itself. A searching man, he looked for principles underlying architecture and, discarding, choosing, discovering, gave verbal expression to the philosophy by which he worked, the principles, as he calls them, of an Organic Architecture.

An American Architecture is published to make these principles "more generally available and understandable." It is composed of selections of Wright's writing and speeches, stunningly illustrated with photographs and drawings of his work, which speaks more eloquently than his words.

The task of getting and arranging this material required a thorough understanding of Wright's aims, for which an apprenticeship to Wright as well as a wide experience of writing and lecturing about architecture have prepared Edgar Kaufmann. There was a very large body of material to survey, some of it commonly available and some of it in private files and rare periodicals. Out of this verdant jungle of material, out of the poetic propoundings, the unsifted, exuberant outpourings of a towering ego which constitute most of the *Autobiography* and many of the lectures and short magazine articles, out of the "questionings, arriving each with its own train of thought, by the way, as the architect sits at his work"—out of all this the editor has chosen clear or forceful passages to convey Wright's significant thoughts about architecture.

Selections are arranged together as they are related by idea, sometimes with so much conscious or unconscious ingenuity that the reader, overlooking the inconspicuously placed reference note which marks the end of a selection, may race on to be disconcerted by the warped or incomplete connection. It is rewarding to observe the breaks and read each passage thoughtfully for itself.

Wright conceives of architecture not as the mere aggregation of building deposited by man on the earth's surface, but building animated by spirit. "To seize this essence brooding everywhere in everything, just behind aspect, is what it means to be an artist."

Wright, who is an artist with an engineer's training, looked behind the aspect of nature which he has known intimately from childhood. Studying the meanings of nature's shapes and patterns of growth he found that "All form is a matter of structure. . . ." The nature of a tree suggested the "tap-root" foundation, the central shaft and the spreading floors of the towering research center of S. C. Johnson and Sons as well as the abstracted sheltering shape of the columns of the administration building—abstracted because an architect cannot use nature as it appears without achieving mere rusticity or picturesqueness. But deeply understood, nature offers a seemingly endless inspiration to which Wright's fecundity is witness.

THE poetic sense impressions interspersed with thoughts which make up the section in The Nature of Materials penetrate to the quality which Wright means when he uses the word "Nature"—the "prismatic opportunity in glass" . . . brick "fire touched to tawny gold or ruddy tan" . . . "gently spreading . . . to a substantial base." It follows that different qualities make appropriate different applications, and that "the materials modify the design of the building."

From this appreciation of things for their own sake, also, stems Wright's attitude toward site. He is a master at sensing harmonious possibilities in which site and building gain from each other. It is preposterous to try to imagine Falling Water out of its woody setting by a rushing stream. In subtler or equally dramatic ways all his buildings are reminders that the individuality of site is an inspiration to variety while the consistency of a regional landscape suggests the harmony of that variety.

An architecture with "all forms integral, natural to site, material, process of construction and purpose" is what Wright means by Organic Architecture. "I still hope to see these basic principles more comprehended, therefore the effects imitated less. No man's work need resemble mine. If he understands the working of the principles behind the effects he sees here, with similar integrity he will have his own way of building."

It is a tribute to Mr. Kaufmann's

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editing that this book yields to a thoughtful reading not only a grasp of Wright's philosophy and the principles which have guided his design, but a deepened appreciation of the buildings themselves and the flavor of the great man—assertive, searching, illumined by far-reaching intuitions which bear the tests of reason. The intrusive ego which has invited so much opposition has been pruned somewhat by the concentration on content, to the happy end that content stands on its own brilliance. Perhaps the ideas could be expressed more lucidly by someone writing for Wright, but no one else could communicate them with the poetic insight or the iridescent flashes of illumination which are so provocative.

"Architecture expresses human life, machines do not, nor does any appliance whatsoever. Appliances only serve life." The architecture of Frank Lloyd Wright addresses the whole man, heart and mind. He has neither raised science and the machine to the position of false gods nor sought escape from their ever presence in the rustic or the hand hewn. He has taken them for the tools they are and exploited them. Whether the flowering of Wright's genius on the widening drill ground of human mechanization will prove to have been an irony or a promise of human wholeness will depend on whether others also work toward an ideal of integration, an integration for which he has pioneered.

Hymn to Hearst

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST. A New Appraisal. By John K. Winkler. Hastings House. $5.

By M. R. Werner

READING this book without any other acquaintance with William Randolph Hearst's activities and publications would give one the impression that Hearst combined the creative mind of an Einstein with the inventive one of an Edison, that he had the sagacity of an Aristotle combined with the Midas touch of a Morgan. At one point, John K. Winkler, who was once a Hearst employee, comes close to putting his hero on a par with the Deity. He writes: "As though that anguished petition [the demand of New York's masses in the early nineteen hundreds for better living conditions] reached a higher power, there suddenly stepped forward a spokesman and champion. This was William Randolph Hearst."

Mr. Winkler has reservations about Hearst's pro-German efforts before the entry of the United States into the first World War; he questions the tactfulness of Hearst's contacts with Hitler in 1934, and admits that Hearst had few intimates. He does not find Hearst's desire to start the Spanish-American War, partly for circulation purposes, to his discredit, nor does he think the foul means Hearst used in his attacks on McKinley, Wilson, Franklin D. Roosevelt and others worth critical attention.

The only child of rich and indulgent parents, Hearst was their spoiled darling from the time of his birth to that of their death. He always had the courage of his whims, for his conviction consisted largely in the determination to get whatever his money could buy that appealed to him at the moment. In politics wealth proved less effective than Hearst had expected. He spent money lavishly in an effort to become President via the mayoralty and governorship of New York, but the people who read his newspapers did not give him their votes in numbers sufficient to get him anything but a sure election to Congress which Tammany Hall threw to him in return for his support of its current purposes.

Mr. Winkler finds Hearst's continuous debauching of the public an indication of his understanding of it, which is about equivalent to making a lover out of a rake. As a publisher and a candidate Hearst called attention loudly and widely to the inequities of unregulated and unregenerate capitalism, but when Franklin D. Roosevelt advocated corrective measures Hearst branded many of them as communism, especially those which would have made him pay higher taxes. When he did own a mayor of New York, John F. Hylan, Hearst did not move a finger to improve living or working conditions.

In 1928 when Hearst was sixty-five, Mr. Winkler published his first Hearst biography, which he called *W. R. Hearst, American Phenomenon.* He repeats much of the material of that book in this second one, but has had access to more documents and to the memories of more men since Hearst died, and he has brought his excursion into hagiography up to date. This second book is subtitled "A New Appraisal," but the appraisal remains essentially the same and the treatment is, if anything, more fulsome. Mr. Winkler employs most of the cliches in the language to develop his more considered thesis that Hearst was a paragon rather than a phenomenon.

M. W. WERNER is the author of Barnum, Brigham Young, Bryan, Tammany Hall *and other books.*

Rousseau in Our Time

JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU. By F. C. Green. Cambridge University Press. $5.

By Leon Edel

PROFESSOR GREEN'S book is a happy reminder that there is no such thing as a "definitive" biography. Each generation must rewrite the previous generation's biographies: sometimes in the interest of historical truth, for new documents keep coming to light; and sometimes in a process which we must not minimize—the perpetual readjustment that takes place between present and past.

The figure of Jean-Jacques is presently in eclipse. The ideas which he blazoned forth seem rather elementary to our century and often naive. But if there is any writer who merits re-evaluation, it is this petulant, quarrelsome, yet inspired individual who saw his way through to certain fundamental truths of feeling which made him, as has been said, the first modern man. We cannot say today that he was able to see all of the truths he believed he had discovered; for we find that in the fulness of

LEON EDEL is the author of Henry James: The Untried Years, 1843-1870 *and* The Psychological Novel 1900-1950.

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time Rousseau stands at precisely the opposite pole to Freud. It was Rousseau who concluded, in a great moment of imaginative synthesis, that man was born innocent and was perverted by the social order; and it has been Freud who has described a man born with destructive instinctual drives which the social order is forced to curb. Yet when we read Professor Green's account of Rousseau's writings, which he has woven with great skill into his biography, we cannot fail to be struck by important parallels between the findings of modern psychology and Rousseau's constant searching of his feelings and promptings in an effort to arrive at self-understanding.

So many biographers today are weighed down by great masses of material, pinned under their own filing cabinets, that it is a pleasure to read a work in which the biographer is in complete command at every point. Professor Green marshals his facts with a freshness of narrative and a continual lucidity that makes him a delight to read.

Part of this biography's fascination lies in the way in which Green reads the *Confessions* and pulls together the many threads of that remarkable autobiography—doing this with full awareness that the biographer must attach importance not only to establishing what really happened, but to the way in which Rousseau's memory colored and reconstructed his own past. This is the very essence of the psychological approach, and here lies the difference between the biographer who is prepared to look for the truth and the one who turns his back upon it. The latter would merely content himself with correcting Rousseau's memory from the hindsight furnished by his document. In reality it is what Rousseau remembered—however false his memory may have been—that is important. This modest and compact study can be said to give us the "mind" of Rousseau very much as Professor Green gave us a few years ago *The Mind of Proust.*

NEXT WEEK

Keep the Aspidistra Flying
by George Orwell

Reviewed by William Meredith

Selected New Books

Fiction

JONATHAN EAGLE. By Alexander Laing. Duell, Sloan and Pearce-Little, Brown. $4.95. Sailing ships, pirates and New England adventures in a fine historical novel by the author of The Sea Witch. Mr. Laing's erudition is impressive and his enthusiasm is contagious; his new romance should delight even sophisticated readers.

THE LOVED AND THE UNLOVED. By Thomas Hal Phillips. Harper. $3. A lean novel of childhood hate and adult murder that generates considerable impact with few flourishes. Although violence is the core of Mr. Phillips's book, the discipline of his prose creates emotional and structural tension.

AN APPLE A DAY. By Leonard Kaufman. Holt. $3.50. Using rather than examining an urgent problem—the mercenary physician—Leonard Kaufman produces machine-tooled realism. His characters are manipulated too obviously as foils, and little is added to a situation which has been probed rather deeply by many other novelists.

THE FARTHER SHORE. By Robert M. Coates. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50. A familiar hero of modern fiction—the silent, self-contained man who erupts into violence when faced with complexity—is examined once again in this novel. Some neat scenes of lower-middle-class city life, and moments of sensitivity in a disappointing book.

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN. By Riccardo Bacchelli. Translated from the Italian by Stuart Hood. Pantheon Books. $4.50. Riccardo Bacchelli has produced a modern epic in his story of millers and farmers, landowners and politicians in a small Italian village. The present volume, which concludes The Mill on the Po, has wit as well as weight; Bacchelli combines his own opinions with painstaking detail. The result is a massive volume that rings with life through every page.

THE BUBBLE MAKERS. By George J. W. Goodman. Viking. $3. An amusing and pointed first novel by a writer of considerable talent. Mr. Goodman does not attempt obscure symbolic overtones or narrative delicacy. While his narrative is straightforward, however, his heroes—a young college boy in search of mountains and a retired judge who shoots at airplanes—are delightfully eccentric. A treat for readers who enjoy barbed laughter.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT. By Jean Bloch-Michel. Translated from the French by Frances Frenaye. Scribner's. $3. Nightmarish flight from war, as a family suddenly becomes homeless under enemy attack. A heavily philosophical novel analyzing the problems of human isolation and responsibility.

STANLEY COOPERMAN.

Sociology

STANDING ROOM ONLY. By Karl Sax. Beacon Press. $3. A neo-Malthusian version of world overpopulation. It takes to task the Kremlin and Vatican for encouragement of high birth rates. The claim is that population pressures resulting in "the conflict between creeds and needs" can be solved by methods other than war.

THE TROUBLE WITH COPS. By Albert Deutsch. Crown. $3. A follow-up on Lincoln Steffens's Shame of the Cities. The author's data show that the police problem stems from a broader political and social corruption. Every community gets the police force it deserves, wants and pays for.

MILTON L. BARRON.

Art

AFRICAN ART. By Werner Schmalenbach. Macmillan. $12.50. An excellent survey of its field (primarily sculpture) interpreted in terms of social function, and illustrated by some 150 plates of finest quality, sixteen of them in color.

THE ART OF INDIAN ASIA. Its Mythology and Transformations. By Heinrich Zimmer. Completed and edited by Joseph Campbell. Two volumes Pantheon Books. $22.50. An imposing work containing a corpus of over 600 full-sizes plates and a massive text by one of the profoundest scholars of Indian art.

THE LIFE AND ART OF ALBRECHT DURER. By Erwin Panofsky. Princeton. $10. A portable edition of the famous two-volume publication, with revision and corrections. Contains the full text and all illustrations, and omits only the hand list and concordance.

S. LANE FAISON, JR.

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LETTER FROM ITALY

William Weaver

[*This column is the first in a new department that will appear in* The Nation *approximately every six weeks. Others on a similar schedule are being planned in Paris, London and Berlin.*]

Paris

THE WEEKS before Christmas are always an exciting time in Rome: not because people are worried about the dwindling shopping days (most presents are given on Epiphany anyhow), but because it is finally the beginning of the season. While they wait for the opera to open on December 26, the Romans have plenty of things to talk about: a new salon recently launched by the ex-mistress of a prominent writer, now turned writer herself; a new political party just founded by Liberals for whom the Liberal Party was too conservative; and, in the realm of art, the *Quadriennale,* the mammoth art show held, as its name indicates, every four years to give a vast and cluttered panorama of Italy's painting and sculpture at the present moment.

The show is held in the Palazzo delle Esposizioni, a barn of a place in *stile Umbertino* resembling Washington's Union Station; the tacky grandeur of the building dwarfs most of the shows held there; but the 2,200 pictures in the *Quadriennale* could draw attention away from Versailles. Nothing could be more overwhelming than this seemingly endless maze of rooms where, even with the bulky catalogue in hand, the visitor easily gets lost. Your first reaction is despair: it seems impossible to look at pictures under such circumstances.

And in fact, the first visit serves only to teach you the ground-plan. It's the second visit, or the third, when things begin to sort themselves out a bit: you learn that many of the rooms upstairs can be discarded; you begin to acquire likes and dislikes, to group the artists. In the main hall, there has been set up a retrospective show of Italian painting and sculpture between 1910 and 1930, an "anthology" the organizers call it; like all anthologies it is occasionally irritating for its omissions (the late Roman painter Scipione is not there, for example) and for its sometimes capricious selections: except for the *Nostalgia dell 'Infinito* lent by the Museum of Modern Art of New York, the De Chirico's are not the best of his metaphysical period. And the four Modigliani's, lent by Italian private collections, are familiar from reproductions and are somehow a little disappointing on real acquaintance. The Morandi's, too, though they include a charming early landscape and a more recent and more typical still-life, are not a good selection. The Campigli's, on the other hand, are more striking and severe than his later, trickier ones shown in another room of the exhibition (several painters figure both in the retrospective and, as living artist, in the *Quadriennale* proper).

The Futurists are all here, and they remain interesting; almost all their things shown are familiar in New York as in Rome. But there are some revelations here for the American visitor. I don't believe, for example, that Armando Spadini (who died in 1925) is known outside of Italy; and yet his rosy, lovingly-painted, maternal nudes are immediately winning, like Mary Cassatt's. Arturo Martini (1889-1947), too, is famous only here; his solid, powerful sculptures deserve a wider fame; his *Omaggio a Manet* is a heavy, yet moving bronze head.

WHEN you move away from these older painters and enter the labyrinth of the *Quadriennale* itself, then the ground seems to grow unsteady under your feet. Here, in dizzying succession, you see everything from Burri's agonized compositions of torn burlap and bloody streaks of red paint to Mafai's serene, dusky Roman scenes or still-lifes where red peppers glow against a night-time, dark blue background. Burri, already seen and appreciated in New York, is still a storm center of arguments here; while Mafai, who is accepted in Rome as one of its leading painters, is almost unheard-of elsewhere.

Burri is one of the artists exhibited here by the Obelisco, the smartest gallery in Rome, run cleverly by Gaspare del Corso and his wife Irene Brin, *Harper's Bazaar's* Roman correspondent. Another Obelisco discovery is Ivan Mosca, whose stylish black canvases lighted by glittering moth-like shapes stand out in the vast confusion of the show. Vespignani and Muccini, also shown by the Obelisco, are both young and gifted draughtsmen; Vespignani's landscapes in oils have a polished, Ingres character; Muccini's interiors also have an impressionistic nineteenth-century restfulness.

Whoever follows Italian painting is aware of the painters' restlessness: styles change radically from year to year (De Chirico is probably the most famous, but not the most typical example). With some painters—with Corrado Cagli, for example—each change represents a new and successful conquest: here he shows two dreaming heads (one is a leafy-haired *Dafne)* and, from another phase, some wittily-patterned abstractions. In the same room, his brother-in-law, the sculptor Mirko, has two complex and magical *Totems,* and two impressive and intricate cut-outs of brass.

Afro, the other member of this family, is nearby, among the abstract-concrete painters: his elegant, somber canvases, where black lines make formal boundaries among the muted colors, are obviously the product of enormous thought. In the next room, Toti Scialoja's paintings are similarly muted in color, but the forms are wilder, more swirling. And Santomaso, one of Italy's most esteemed painters, has filled his canvases with brighter—one might say, more Venetian—colors.

In a brief summary, it's impossible to mention all the good painters. This, in itself, is a sign of the liveliness of art here (though sophisticated Roman visitors have sneered at the whole show). There is the trio Leonor Fini-Fabrizio Clerici-Stanislao Lepri, all of them gifted with fantasy and taste; there are Fontana's canvases punctured by

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WILLIAM WEAVER has divided his time between Italy and America since 1947. He has contributed articles and stories to Harper's Bazaar, Botteghe Oscure, Theatre Arts, Center Opera News, *and other magazines.*

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nail-holes and decorated by glued-on bits of glass until they look like deserts seen from the air.

Every visit brings new discoveries: the cool, beige, tactful canvases of Romiti; Morlotti's pictures of what seem clusters of dried leaves, dark and intense. Sometimes a single canvas detaches itself from the others and demands to be looked at: the Colosseum seen in a greenish nocturnal light by Stradone; a Mediterranean landscape that might also be a parade of banners by the American-born Mitty Risi; a luminous abstraction by Brunori (the leader of the younger abstract group) who lays on patches of color to create a kind of neon quilt.

Walking fast, you spend at least two hours getting through the show. And afterwards, you are exhausted; but it is the exhaustion of having had many sensations, many shocks. Most of all, I think, the *Quadriennale* means that the art galleries of Rome will have plenty of interesting shows to come.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

RED ROSES FOR ME (Booth Theatre) seems to me one of the more successful of O'Casey's later plays. Better balanced than most of the other plays in his "second manner," it combines the earthy folk realism of his first work and the later attempt to invest that quality with a more conscious, stylized and exalted lyricism.

Perhaps the reason for the comparative success of the fusion lies in the play's dreamlike quality. The early plays were almost immediate responses to and records of painfully recent occurrences. *Red Roses for Me,* written in the forties, is a poet's reminiscence of the old days of struggle, turmoil, aspiration and bitter hope centered in the Dublin transport strike of 1913-1914.

It is not actually a strike play, though its slight action deals with that memorable one. The strike merely helps to release the emotion which O'Casey experiences in recalling the past. The play is a summing up of his early travail; it epitomizes his feeling about life in general and the Irish in particular.

There is hardly a proper story structure to the play—it is extremely primitive in this respect. There is barely a central character; in fact all the characters are rough sketches. Unity is given it by the melancholy sweet and sour mood in which everything is enveloped. Therefore we are not shocked—as we so often are in some of O'Casey's other work—when a scene of acrid folk farce alternates with a formal approach verging on grandiloquence. The truth and style here are not that of objective fact but of an atmosphere, at once misty and penetrating, in which sentiment and image mingle as in a kind of awful but cherished nightmare.

Poverty, improvidence, harebrained philosophizing, kindness, idealistic ardor, parochial superstition, ignorance, bigotry of Catholic, Protestant and atheist alike, pride and self-contempt, and an eagerness for everything that is singing and lovely in the world are thrown together in a way that is at once exasperatingly benighted and fiercely lovable. There is in it all a kind of crazy laughter, a passionate clinging to anarchy, above all a sense of heartbroken regret. What does O'Casey finally want? The red roses or blood of human kinship, the bloom of life's energy, the stirring melody of man's march to a more spacious world. For man's stupidity (including one's own) there is the gnashing of teeth, the grinding irony of derision, a mighty, profane impatience, comic rage.

THE PLAY is beautiful, turbulent, distressing, yet remarkably enough, modest and "small." It all seems to be happening in a forgotten nook of the world—in a half-lit kitchen, or in the backroom of a pub! That is the O'Casey (and perhaps the Irish) of it, for in his temperament there is a drive toward cosmic grandeur and a persistent village homeliness.

No wonder then that O'Casey is so difficult to produce. I would like my readers to see *Red Roses for Me* so I shall not dwell in detail on what seem to me the inadequacies of the production or the blemishes of certain individual contributions to it. (E. G. Marshall in a rich role is the best of the cast.) The main fault is that, while an effort has been made to give the play a poetic production, the wrong kind of poetry is achieved—a sort of academic Anglo-American theatrical rhetoric.

O'Casey's poetry at best is, for all its musical clangor and reaching for the moon, a helter-skelter, tatterdemalion, bubbling poetry in which the characters are usually unaware of poetic intent. They speak in alliteration and in chaotic effusiveness with the natural vigor and pleasure of a street boy's slang. Great phrases come pouring out of O'Casey's people as if an overturned garbage pail revealed gems as well as refuse—and little distinction were made between one and the other.

The rhythm of Irish speech—at least in O'Casey—is restless, uneven, desultory, with sudden surges of

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feeling, not portentous, solemnly measured, or lugubriously dignified like a Low Church hymn. The play is sad enough, heaven knows, but it is ebullient and full of a heedless, erratic freedom in its sadness. This is what the production most misses. The result is that what must at all times be loose-limbed, fluid and almost "cheerful"—and sadder for all that—often seems heavy and morose.

I wish the play were done in an off-Broadway theatre, away from the pressure of the competitive market, where, for all its shortcomings, this production might have a long run—for there is a significant audience for it in New York.

Music

B. H. Haggin

INTERESTED in how the Budapest Quartet sounded with Alexander Schneider back as second violin, I went to a couple of concerts at the YMHA to hear the performances of Mozart string quintets with Carlton Cooley as second viola. I was surprised to see Schneider seat himself opposite Roisman, the first violin, instead of next to him; and I was told later that this seating arrangement sounded better to the players themselves. But since the sound from Schneider's violin was directed toward the back of the stage while the sound from Roisman's was directed toward the auditorium, the listener heard a first-violin part that was out of proper proportion to the second. And to make the matter worse, what stood out too prominently was a first-violin part disturbingly coarse in tone and less sensitive than the others in phrasing. But since the tone of the rest of the group was dry, I decided to hear what it sounded like in the new Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. This hall turned out to be larger and more resonant than the one in the YMHA; and in Mozart's Quartet K.421 Roisman's tone, though not beautiful, was agreeable, and there was better sound from the entire group in the excellently phrased and integrated performance. Roisman doesn't play as well as he used to; but the unresonant YMHA auditorium makes his playing, and consequently the playing of the entire group, sound poorer than they are.

THE ONLY available recorded performance of Mozart's Mass in C minor has been the Haydn Society's, which is poorly sung, played, conducted and reproduced. Hence it is good to have the powerful and beautiful performance on Epic SC-6009, in which Moralt conducts the Vienna Symphony and Kammerchor and excellent soloists: Stich-Randall, Roessl-Majdan, Kmentt and Raninger.

Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater* is a work of standard repertory that I somehow haven't heard until now; and listening to the performance on Vanguard-Bach Guild 549 I have found it to be agreeable-sounding music with little of the expressive force called for by the words. Rossi conducts a good performance with Stich-Randall, tremulous-voiced Hoengen, the Vienna State Opera Orchestra and the Akademiekammerchor.

Haydn Society HSL-O offers Monteverdi's Fourth Book of Madrigals sung by the Marcel Couraud Vocal Ensemble. I don't know whether it is the pieces themselves that are monotonous in their close following of the sense of the words, or whether the performances make them seem so.

On the other hand Columbia ML-5051, *An Evening of Elizabethan Verse and Its Music,* has Auden speaking the poems of Jonson, Spenser, Raleigh, Donne and others, after which the lovely settings of these texts by Wilbye, Morley, Dowland, Gibbons and other composers of the period are sung very beautifully by the New York Pro Musica Antiqua under Greenberg.

I hear nothing in Paul Bowles's *A Picnic Cantata* to justify its being recorded on Columbia ML-5068 by the excellent two-piano team of Gold and Fizdale, with Martha Flowers, Gloria Davy, Mareda Gaither and Gloria Wynder singing the vocal parts and Al Howard playing drums. Poulenc's Sonata for Two Pianos (1953) also is on the record.

One of Bach's finest instrumental works, the Concerto in D minor for harpsichord, is played by Helma Elsner with the Stuttgart Pro Musica Orchestra under Reinhardt on Vox PL-9510. The playing of the harpsichord part is good, but even with microphones to help achieve proper balance it isn't heard with the prominence that a solo part in a concerto should have, and much of the time it can barely be heard at all. Szigeti's performance of a violin version of the work with the New Friends of Music Orchestra under Stiedry on Columbia ML-4286 (not his later Casals Festival performance on ML-4352) remains the one to acquire.

Mozart's Piano Concerto K.453, though seldom played, is one of the greatest in the series. Its first movement is a supreme example of Mozartian instrumental high comedy; there's an extraordinarily organized and deeply affecting Andante; and a concluding variation movement ends with the rush, the surprises and jokes of a Mozart operatic-comedy finale. Ingrid Haebler's playing on Vox PL-9390 is made unpleasantly percussive by too close recording of the piano; Hollreiser, conducting the Bamberg Symphony, sets a too fast tempo for the Andante, which doesn't have the effect it has when played more slowly; and on the other hand the end of the work, as Hollreiser plays it, is without any rush, surprises or jokes.

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Crossword Puzzle No. 654

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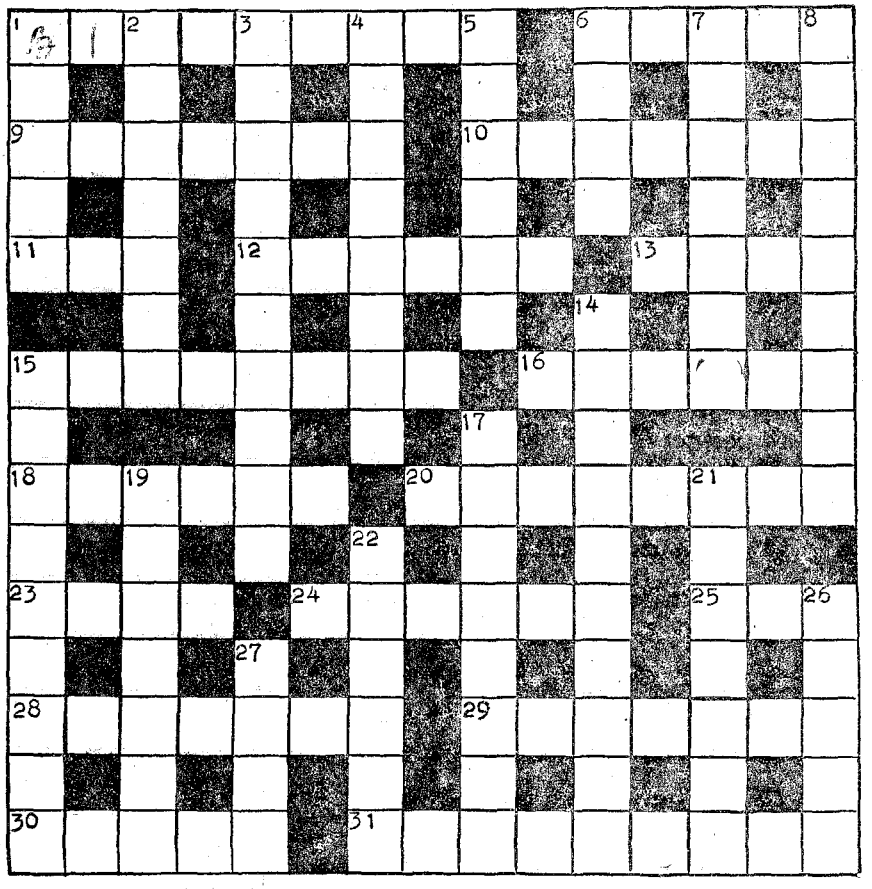

ACROSS

1 A scientist wraps a knife around one, with a final main point. (9)
9 and 6 across It's not a rebus! (Just time to get away from the net!) (7,5)
10 Marie Jeanne Becu, familiarly. (2,5)
11 and 16 across 8, when multiplied in support, perhaps. (3,2,4)
12 Having a definite inclination to give notice, by the sound of it. (6)
13 Silver's calling seems to go to naught in this state. (14)
15 Involved in a Byronic down-coming. (8)
16 See 11 across.
18 Hail the bird flying about on high! (6)
20 European variety of cape, lost in the confusion. (8)
23 13's without one in the district. (4)
24 He has to supervise a bunch of squares! (6)
25 Prompt, and to the point. (3)
28 Not thrown, as arms might be? (7)
29 More humorous, with the sound of a poet. (7)
30 So it has come back in the form of that, only more so! (5)
31 Where East meets West? (4,5)

DOWN

1 If you don't fulfill the contract you should! (5)
2 They might sway from the stand. (7)
3 People aren't likely to see their own! (10)
4 Usually accommodated at tables. (5,3)
5 See 7 down.
6 Bunyan's was the closest thing to a purple cow. (4)
7, 26 down, 19 down, 15 down and 5 down Longfellow's indirect qualifications were of the soul. (5,2,5,-5,2,5,4,2,4)
8 Where the lockers hang? (The banks of 14 make one of them.) (9)
14 This makes the wire pretty obvious with one of 8. (9)
15 See 7 down.
17 Old Wolfe pursued this. (8)
19 See 7 down.
21 Not everyone plays it with caution! (7)
22 Some become it by being this. (6)
26 See 7 down.
27 Is it attractive, as a rule? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE 653

ACROSS: 1 NORTHERN LIGHTS; 9 MEDDLES; 10 TURN-OUT; 11 and 5 ESCAPE LITERATURE; 12 ARGENTUM; 14 LONGEST; 15 FORMS; 19 TARGETS; 21 PETER OUT; 23 and 18 IT'S ALL UP TO YOU; 25 STYGIAN; 26 AIRSHIP; 27 OUT OF THIS WORLD. DOWN: 1 NUMBERING; 2 RADICAL; 3 HALF-PENNY; 4 ROSE; 6 GORSE; 7 TROTTER; 8 and 20 ATOM-SMASHER; 13 and 17 NEAT BUT NOT GAUDY; 15 FREE THROW; 16 SCALLOPED; 21 POSY; 22 RHINO; 24 DALI.

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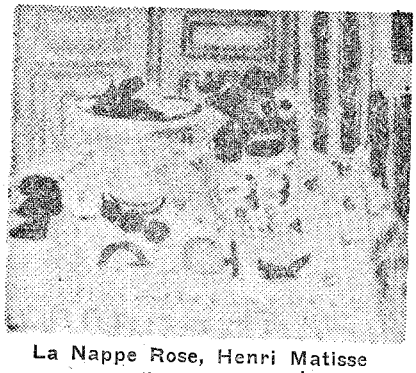

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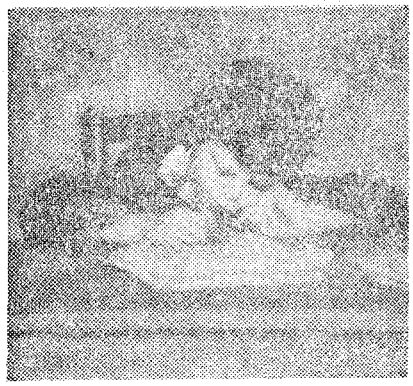

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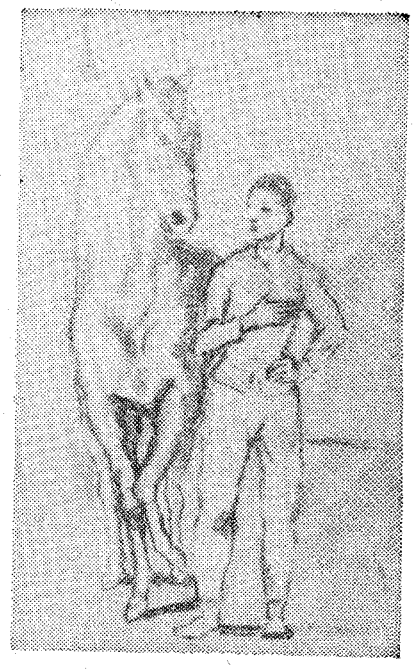

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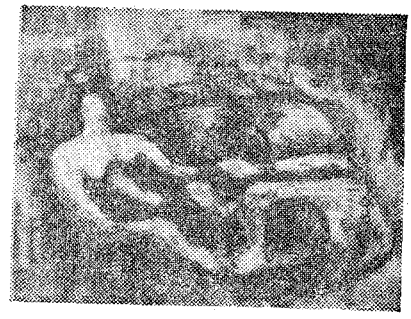

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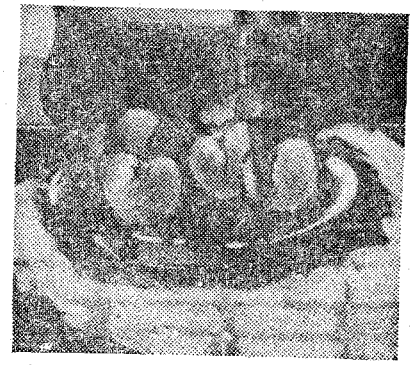

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